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BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1877.

VOLUME XIII.—NO. 5.

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND

Solicitors in Equity,

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Eighth Judicial Circuit and in the United

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give me a fair trial. I pledge myself that

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Spectacles and Eyeglasses. Also Goggles, Eye

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the store of Verner & Stridling, Walhalla,

S. C. F. M. MORGAN

June 6 1877 29 cow6m

A. J. W. LAND,

TAILOR,

West Union, S. C.

THE undersigned has opened a Tailor Shop

in West Union, where he will take

pleasure in waiting upon customers. He cuts

and makes garments in the best and latest

styles. Also, renovates and cuts for custo-

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Nov. 1, 1877 50-3m

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HARPER & BROS. 107

Nov. 22, 1877 head

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THE SUN.

1878 NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and well-wishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The *Daily Sun* is a four page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 55 cents a month, or \$4.50 per year. The *Sunday Sun* is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter specially prepared for it. The *Sunday Sun* has met with great success. Post paid \$1.20 a year.

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Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canada, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counselor and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the fireside. Terms: One Dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with \$10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address

PUBLISHER OF THE SUN.

New York City. 51-8

November 6, 1877

The State of South Carolina

OCONEE COUNTY.

By Richard Lewis, Esq., Judge of Probate.

WHEREAS, R. A. Thompson has made suit to

me to grant him Letters of Administration

of the Estate and Effects of Dorcas Abbot

meyer, deceased;

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all

singular, the kindred and creditors of the

said Dorcas Abbotmeyer, deceased, that they be,

and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate,

to be held at Walhalla, S. C., on Saturday, 29th

of December next, after publication hereof,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause,

if any they have, why the said administration

should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal, this 12th day

of December, Anno Domini 1877.

RICHARD LEWIS,

Judge of Probate of Oconee County.

Dec 13, 1877 4-2t

TUTT'S PILLS

A Noted Divine says

They are worth their

weight in gold.

READ WHAT HE SAYS:

Dr. TUTT—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been

a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles. Last

spring your pills were recommended to me; I used

them (but with little faith). I am now a well man,

have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools,

piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh.

They are worth their weight in gold.

Rev. R. L. GIBBS, Louisville, Ky.

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CURE TORPID LIVER

Imparting health and strength to the weak. Sold

everywhere. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

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Gray Hair can be changed to a

black by a simple application of

Dr. TUTT'S Hair Dye. It is like magic,

and is warranted as harmless as water.

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WHAT IS QUEEN'S DELIGHT?

Read the Answer

It is a plant that grows in the South, and is spe-

cially adapted to the cure of diseases of that climate.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

Entered at once into the blood, expelling all ex-

cesses, syphilis, and rheumatic affections. Alone,

it is a searching alternative, but when combined with

Sarsaparilla, it cures blood, fever and ague, you

will enjoy robust health. Sold by all druggists,

and by mail. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

HEALTHY, SOLID FLESH.

As an antidote to syphilis poison it is strongly

recommended. Hundreds of cases of the worst type

have been radically cured by it. Being purely vege-

table it is continued use will do no harm. The best

means to take it is during the summer and fall, and

instead of debility, headache, fever and ague, you

will enjoy robust health. Sold by all druggists,

and by mail. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

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Nov. 25, 1877

101y

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the
Throat and Lungs,
such as Coughs, Colds,
Whooping Cough,
Bronchitis, Asthma,
and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvelous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, and the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health. This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are so remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A LAMENT.

They say 'tis but a month, Mary,
Since I laid thee down to rest,
And saw them heap the cold, damp earth
Upon thy faithful breast.
A month! oh sorrow counts not thus,
But through its blinding tears,
The hours are days, and lengthened days,
The weeks and months are years.

Oh! Mary, could thy spirit pure
One part of sorrow know;
Or grieve that passes here below,
Make tears of angels flow,
Thou wouldst have in this long, long month,
What'er thy glory be,
Have felt that pang and shed those tears,
My wife, my love, for me.

I'm all alone, I come and go,
And have no single heart
To count the hours till I return,
Or grieve when I depart.
No longer now, when nearing home,
I urge my faithful steed,
No waiting one with kindling eye,
Will thank me for my speed.

Ah, me! the loneliness I felt,
When on thy coffin lid,
I heard the cold clods rattle down,
That soon my treasure hid;
Though anguish in itself was nought,
To what I since have known,
A loneliness which with each day,
Has sadly, sadly grown.

I've tried to cheat this poor, lone heart,
By placing still thy chair,
My Mary, in our little room;
As if you still were there.
Your basket and your work—stand, too;
Have still there same old place;
Your Bible, yes, all else is there,
Except your dear, dear face.

I strive to think that thou wilt come,
And even now art near,
And thy familiar step I'll soon
Upon the doorstep hear.
'Tis all in vain, there still returns
The stern, dark, dreary truth,
That she, the fond and faithful wife,
The sweet bride of my youth,
Is gone, is dead, will not return,
My bursting heart be still,
Oh God! give comfort in the thought,
It is thy holy will.

Yet sometimes in my dreams, Mary,
I see thee there once more;
I kiss thy cheek and clasp thy hand,
As oft in days of yore,
And I must hope and will believe,
That thou art hovering near,
My ministering angel sent
To wipe my falling tear.

And will I ever meet thee, love,
And will this anguish cease,
And shall I ever share with thee
The home of perfect peace?
This is my stay, on this I live,
But when I try to pray
For faith, for love, for light to shine
Upon my darkened way,
My thoughts oft wander from my God,
And I too plainly see,
When I should seek most fervently,
I'm thinking most of thee.

Yet, Mary, I have often woke,
Late in the lonely night,
And found thee with thy Bible, love,
Beside the glimmering light;
Or often in the midnight gloom,
Upon thy bended knee,
Have heard thee pleading, darling,
So earnestly for me.

I can but hope that God who heard,
Those prayers will answer, love,
And fit me for reunion bliss,
With thee in heaven above,
But oh a better hope I'll have,
A hope that once was thine,
And now is in fruition lost,
Your Saviour shall be mine.

The Maid of Saragossa.

This illustrious maiden exposed her life for her king and country at the memorable siege of Saragossa, in 1808. The French Lefevre had been dispatched by Bonaparte in the June of that year to reduce Saragossa, where the royal standard of the Bourbons had been unfurled. This city was not fortified; it was surrounded by an ill constructed wall, twelve feet high by three broad, intersected by houses; these houses, the neighboring churches and convents, were in so dilapidated a state that from the roof to the foundation were to be seen in each immense breaches; apertures begun by time and increased by neglect. A large hill called El Torero, commanding the town at a distance of a mile, and offered a situation for most destructive bombardment. Among the sixty thousand inhabitants there were but two hundred and twenty regular troops, and the artillery consisted of ten old cannon.

The French began the siege in a rather slothful style; they deemed much exertion unnecessary; Saragossa, they said, was only inhabited by monks and cowards. But their opinions and their efforts were destined to an entire revolution. Very seldom in the annals of war has greater bravery, greater heroism, greater horror and misery been concentrated than during the two months that these desperate patriots repelled their invaders. No sacrifices were too great to be offered, no extremities too oppressive to be endured by the besieged; but, as it often occurs among the noblest bodies of men, that one sordid soul may be found open to the far reaching hand of corruption, such a wretch happened to be intrusted with a powder magazine at Saragossa. Under the influence of French gold, he fired the magazine on the night of the 2d of June. To describe the horrors that ensued would be simply impossible.

The French, to whom the noise of the explosion had been a signal, advanced their troops to the gates. The population, shocked, amazed, hardly knowing what had occurred, entirely ignorant of the cause, bewildered by conflagration, ruin, and the noise of the enemy's artillery unexpectedly thundering in their ears, were paralyzed, powerless; in a short time the trenches presented nothing but a heap of dead bodies. There was no longer a combatant to be seen; nobody felt the courage to stand to the defense.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the Church of Nostra Donna del Pillas, habited in white raiment, a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair disheveled, and her eyes sparkling with a supernatural lustre. She traversed the city with a firm and bold step; she passed to the ramparts, to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer, and fired the piece of artillery he had failed to manage; then kissing her cross, she cried, with the accent of inspiration, "Death or victory!" and reloaded her cannon.

Such a cry, such a vision could not fail of exciting an enthusiasm; it seemed that Heaven had brought aid to the just cause; her cry was answered, "Long live Agostina!" "Forward, forward, we will conquer!" resounded on every side. Nerved by such emotions, the force of every man was doubled, and the French were repulsed on every side.

General Lefevre, mortified at this unexpected result, determined to reduce the place by famine, as well as to distress it by bombardment from El Torero. The horrors that followed his measures would be too painful to detail, but they afforded Agostina an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity. She threw herself in the most perilous positions to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by the falling of timbers. She went from house to house visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts or supplying aid to the sick and starving. The French, by their indomitable perseverance, from step to step rendered themselves masters of nearly half the city. Lefevre thought his hour of triumph had now certainly arrived—he sent to the commandant, general Palafox, to demand a capitulation. Palafox received this in public. He turned to Agostina, who stood near him, completely armed.

"What